

The Young-mans Ramble.

O R

The Horse can trot, and the Mare can amble:

Here's clipping and kissing, with store of delight,
With Frisking, and Frolics, as seldom is seen,
To sport all the day-time, and play in the night,
Where Young-men and Maids, do meet on a Green.

To a gallant new Tune, called *Andrew and Maudlin.*



Andrew, Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,
A pretty Peg, with Joseph and Mary,
Peter the Plummer, and Miles of the Mill:
Bessie of the Butterry, and Doll of the Dary;
They went and gathered young Primroses,
To make them sundrey sorts of Posies.

William put on his Holiday Jacket,
Grysell put on her Kusset Crav;
Meg had a Ribon hung down to her Placket,
and so they went gingling all the way:
To solace their lips, and sweeten their labo,
They met on a Green, with a Pipe & a Tabo.

Frankham Frankham is a fine dance,
young Tim did trip it on her Toes;
And Joan came into the place by chance,
whose cheeks were like the Crimson Rose:
They coupled themselves like Birds of a feather,
And flocked it finely altogether. (ther,

Jane began to joggle with Thomas,
Humphrey thought to find her there;
Pet Nelly forsooth did fail in her promise,
because she did not like his ware:
Tis a dainty thing to dandle a Baby,
And Joan in the dark, is as good as my Lady.

Kester took Hester by the hand,
come play us a Tune thou trusty Trout:
A match (quoth Roger) and if it doth stand,
and so they jumbled round about,
With Salingers round, & the French Canaries;
That passed Jack-pudding, & all his Feigaries.

Ralph got Rachel about the middle,
and Simon suckt up all the Eggs:
Philip did play with his Bag-pipe & Fiddle,
while jumping Joan did shake her Legs,
Her Apron was white, and her Petticoat red,
And they were most sweetly brought to bed.

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The second Part, to the same Tune.



Paul the Pedler is a bon Blade,
but the Broom-man is another,
For they belong to the Tribe of Gad,
and learn'd this Action from their Mother
Tom Tinkers Ware is special Pettle,
And Dennis did smile like a Fumitory-kettle

Richards Feather will never leave wagging
James and Nan in the Cole-hole are gotten
And simple Nick will never leave bragging,
because his Father is dead and rotten.
When lack from Mary her Portion had got,
'Tis need that makes the Old-woman-trot.

Robins nose will never leave dropping,
hang up sorrow, cast away care :
And Cupid catch't young Sarah napping,
as Mols by chance did catch his Mare,
Her Apron is to short before,
Which made poor Margery cry full soore.

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Old smel-smock Sam delights to bow,
for love will creep, where it cannot go :
Neds nose will serve for a poore-mans Bow
and Kate did tread upon his toe :
Young-men do love to be with Maids,
And Gillian was like the Queen of Spades,

Clim the Carrier is come home,
and brought to town god Fish & Huzzard,
Precilla did dance a Jig with Tom, (ard,
which made his buttocks quake like a Cus-
with clipping and killing, & kind imbraces
The young-men tumbled about with their
Lasses,

Loeky and Ienny with Arthur of Bradly,
Roger of Coverly and his consort,
Did trick and trim it wonderfull madly,
and so they concluded, & ended their sport,
The Horse can trot, and the Mare can amble
And so I end my Country Ramble, Finis.